*Cat.* He will doe all in all as Haſtings doth.
*Buc.* Well, then no more but this:
Go gentle *Catesby*, and as it were a farre off,
Sound Lord *Haſtings* how he ſtands affected
Vnto our purpoſe, If he be willing,
Encourage him, and ſhew him all our reaſons:
If he be leaden, Icie, cold, vnwilling,
Be thou ſo too: and ſo breake off your talke,
And giue vs notice of his inclination,
For we to morrow hold deuided counſels,
Wherein thy ſelfe ſhalt highly be employed.
*Glo.* Commend me to Lord *William*, tell him *Catesby*
His ancient knot of dangerous aduerſaries
To morrow are let blood at *Pomfret* Caſtle,
And bid my friends for ioy of this good newes,
Giue gentle Miſtris *Shore*, one gentle kiſſe the more.
*Buck.* Good *Catesby* effect this buſineſſe ſoundly.
*Cat.* My good Lords both: with all the heede I may.
*Glo.* Shall we heare from you *Catesby* ere we ſleepe?
*Cat.* You ſhall my Lord. *Exit Catesby.*
*Glo.* At *Crosby* place, there ſhall you finde vs both.
*Buck.* Now my Lord, what ſhall we do, if we perceiue
*William* Lord *Haſtings* will not yeeld to our complots?
*Glo.* Chop off his head man, ſome what we will do,
And looke when I am King, claime thou of me
The Earledome of *Hertford* and the mooueables,
Whereof the King my brother ſtood poſſeſt.
*Buck.* Ile claime that promiſe at your Graces hands.
*Glo.* And looke to haue it yeelded with willingneſſe.
Come let vs ſup betimes, that afterwards
We may digeſt our complots in ſome forme. *Exeunt.*

*Enter a meſſenger to Lord Haſtings.*

*Meſſ.* What ho my Lord.
*Haſt.* Who knocks at the coore?
*Meſſ.* A meſſenger from the Lord *Stanley*. *Enter L. Haſt.*
*Haſt.* Whats a clocke?
*Meſſ.* Vpon the ſtroke of foure.
*Haſt.* Cannot thy maiſter ſleepe the tedious nights?
*Meſſ.* So it ſhould ſeeme by that I haue to ſay:





Firſt he commends him to your
*Haſt.* And then. *Meſ.* And th
He dreamt to night, the Boare ha
Beſides he ſayes, there are two c
And that may be determined at
Which may make you and him
Therefore he ſends to know you
If preſently you will take horſe
And with all ſpeede poſt into th
To ſhun the danger that his ſou
*Haſt.* Good fellow go, return
Bid him not feare the ſeparated
His Honour and my ſelfe are at
And at the other is my ſeruant
Where nothing can proceed th
Whereof I ſhall not haue intelli
Tell him his feares are ſhallow,
And for his dreames, I wonder
To truſt the mockerie of vnqu
To flye the Boare before the B
Were to incence the Boare to f
And make purſuite where he
Go, bid thy maiſter riſe and co
And we will both together to
Where he ſhall ſee the Boare w
*Meſ.* My gracious Lord, Ile t

*Enter Catesby to L.*

*Cat.* Many good morrowes t
*Haſt.* Good morrow *Catesby*
What newes, what newes, in th
*Car.* It is a reeling world inde
And I beleeue twill neuer ſtand
Till *Richad* weare the Garland
*Haſt.* Who? weare the Gar
*Cat.* I my good Lord.
*Haſt.* Ile haue this crowne o
Ere I wiil ſee the Crowne ſo fo
But canſt thou geſſe that he d
*Cat.* Vpon my life my L. a



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